

PS 3545

.A48 P6

1903

Copy 1



Poems

of the

Red, White & Blue



EMELINE TATE WALKER

Chapter Poet

Chicago Chapter, D. A. R.

P O E M S

OF THE

Red, White and Blue

BY

EMELINE TATE WALKER

CHAPTER POET

CHICAGO CHAPTER, D. A. R.



CHICAGO

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY

1903

LIBRARY of CONGRESS

Two Copies Received

JAN 20 1904

Copyright Entry
Jan. 8 1904
CLASS. 76564 XXc. No.
COPY B

PS 3545
A 48 P6
1903

COPYRIGHT, 1903
EMELINE TATE WALKER

THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PHOTODUPLICATION SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20540

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1967 O - 344-084

L'ENVOE

GO, LITTLE BOOKLET, LET THY MISSION BE:
INTO EACH "DAUGHTER'S" HEART TO WHISPER "LOYALTY."

E. T. W.

List of poems written for the Chicago Chapter,
D. A. R., by Emeline Tate Walker :

MOTHER OF PATRIOTS
THE NEW CENTURY
SALUTATION TO THE FLAG
THE MAINE
CENTENNIAL OF WASHINGTON'S
FAREWELL ADDRESS
MY GARDEN FAIRY
WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN
SEPTEMBER
MOTHER BAILEY
FLAG DAY
HYMN FOR THE D. A. R.
PATRIOTS' FLOWER
CONTINENTAL MEMORIAL HALL
THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON
ROSEMARY
HE DID WHAT HE COULD
SALUTATION TO AMERICA

Continental Memorial Hall

I

"Land of the Free," deep love for thee
In song and prose and po-e-sy
Hath found a theme
From the first hour the Pilgrim Band
Their wandering feet pressed on thy sand
Till the soft chime that rang so clear
The stroke of thy one hundredth year
Fulfilled their dream.

II

The history of those early days
In quaint old madrigals and lays
To us a glimpse doth give,
Of struggles, hardships, courage proved,
The tenderness with which they woo'd,
The fireside life they lived.

III

'Twere well for us who now do reap
The harvest sown by them—asleep
Upon their country's breast—
Each slumberer's place to mark with care
"Lest we forget" them lying there
So quietly at rest.

IV

From the fair East, where stars of night
Pale earliest at incoming light,
 To wonderous "Golden Gate,"
That closes as the dying day
Slips into shadows cold and gray
 Their ashes—life doth wait.

V

Until the years, so swift and brief,
Are told in bud and fallen leaf—
 And night winds cease to blow
A requiem in each passing breeze
Midst grass and daisies and the trees,
 Where patriots lie below.

VI

To them, our fathers, we would raise,
A Fane Memorial to the days
 Of Revolution time;
The splendor of whose victories show
In Liberty—the afterglow
 Your legacy—and mine.

VII

Poets have sung of wondrous art
"In elder days, when every part
 Was wrought with nicest care:"
The marble leaf, and flower of stone,
Bloomed not for mortal eyes alone
 For "God's saw everywhere."

VIII

But in this Temple to our sires—
Votive—from hearts—whose altar fires
 Burn with a steady flame,
Without a fear—the vine, and scroll
By cunning workmen shall unroll
 Perfect—in memory's name.

IX

Stone upon stone, up to the skies
The "Continental Hall" shall rise.
 And every daughter's heart
Shall beat a loyal sweet refrain
Memorial to the fathers slain—
 And I have been my part.

The Flag

Out in the West where the sunsets die,
And days linger longest to gladden the eye;
In the South, where the citron and orange-trees bloom
And the golden fruit ripens, mid sweetest perfume;
In the East, where the earliest flush of the dawn,
So silently heralds a day newly born—
O'er all our loved land, from sea unto sea,
Hail, emblem of liberty, "Flag of the free"!

When the lamps of the night are alight over head,
Departing day gives us yon color—the red;
The nebulous clouds of luminous light
Another tint adds, and gives us the white;
The glorious stars, in their azure blue vault,
Were the last heavenly hint from which you were
wrought.

Then fling from the casement—wave aloft to the breeze,
Above crowded streets and beneath leafy trees,
The "stars and the stripes"—let them float overhead
Till the light of the day dies in purple and red.

Inspirer of courage—with sunset's bright tints,
Holding hope in your folds in the white stars imprints—
From the North to the South, from sea unto sea,
We give thee our homage—our heart's loyalty.

Hymn for the "Daughters of the American Revolution"

TUNE : WEBB

I

Daughters, lift up your voices, and let your songs arise—
A fragrant incense-offering to hallowed memories.
It breathes a hero's spirit, in many a battle hour:
It breathes of Christian patience, born of an unseen
power.

II

When o'er the waste of water the little Pilgrim band,
With hearts that did not falter, sought out this far-off
land,
Amid the snows of winter they prayed upon its sod,
The words the bleak winds echoed were, "Liberty and
God."

III

Be ours their daughters' mission these mem'ries to
retain—
In song, and in tradition, our sires shall live again.
America, dear country, our prayer shall rise for thee—
The gift our fathers left us, a blood-bought legacy.

Mother Bailey

I

Where ebbs and flows the ever-changing tides
Of the blue Thames as to the Sound it glides,
Where stately ships as in the days of yore
Sail in and out through beacon-lighted door,
Stands Groton, town of Revolution days,
Bathed in the glow of patriotic rays.

II

The passing years that come and softly go
No shadows cast upon this after-glow;
From the deep crimson of the hearts' blood shed
On Groton bank where bravest heroes bled;
And stars at night, in turn their vigil keep,
Above the graves where patriots lie asleep.

III

Never again for them the call To Arms!
The strife for freedom and red wars alarms.
In 1781, with summer's wane,
The fallen leaf lay lightly on the slain,
Their day was finished at the set of sun
But Liberty for thee 'twas just begun.

IV

Throughout our land their names engraved shall be
In lines of prose and tender poesy,
And she who hasted to that carnage wild,
To bring the dying soldier's little child,
Laying it on his breast that he might see
Last upon earth the smile of infancy,

V

She is my theme; when past life's hour of noon,
Again she heard the British cannon boom,
'Twas 1813, so the records say,
Decatur and Fort Trumbull kept at bay
The fleet of "Red Coats," who in hostile power
Waited impatient at the harbor door.

VI

The month was June, when buds to blossom burst,
And feathered choirs among the trees rehearse
The songs they sing when brooding-time is nigh
And falls the notes of birdlings hush-a-by,
The time when lambs are frisking in the fields,
And nature hints of summer's bounteous yields.

VII

Amidst the sunshine, prows turned toward the sea,
Stood forth the ships, in number only three,
Facing that foe remembered, oh, so well,
"When Arnold burned the town, and Old Fort
Griswold fell."
The patriots' blanched cheeks their apprehension
showed—
But in their eyes the flame of courage glowed.

VIII

Then spake Decatur to his gallant crew,
Must we again our homes in ashes view?
Shall we like mown grass on the fields wide
spread
For want of wadding lie, a vanquished dead?
Swift send the runners, scour the country o'er,
For shawls and blankets, that our guns may roar.

IX

Now, Mother Bailey's hate of British rule
Had been well grown in stern Experience's school,
In '81 and 1812, you see,
Her loved ones fell and died for liberty.
Thus through the years these days marked long
ago,
Their memory burned with steady after-glow.

X

Children and youths, poets and statesmen, came,
E'en Presidents sought out this honored dame;
Beside her hearth they fought the battles o'er
And lived again the Revolution War,
Kindling anew the patriotic fires,
With thrilling tales of ancestors and sires.

XI

Into a blaze of passionate surprise
Burst forth these flames, as now before her eyes
She saw the enemy in their ships appear,
And heard the runners, as with voices clear
Along the street they shouted and appealed
For wadding, "e'er the city's doom was sealed."

XII

Quick as a flash, and with impatient hand,
The scissors gleamed, and cut in two the band
That held her girdle—on the ground it lay,
A petticoat of flannel, red and gay.
The soldiers shouted, as on pikestaff borne
It waved their ensign on that bright June morn.

XIII

In late October, when the golden-rod
To purple asters bowed a courteous nod;
When in the fields the ripening grain did stand,
Waiting the sickle in the reaper's hand,
Decatur won the battle; and I know
That petticoat helped overcome the foe.

XIV

From out the past the names of heroes shine,
And bright among them, Mother Bailey, thine
Glow^s with a luster from this simple deed,
Done for thy country in her hour of need;
Surely a lesson we may learn from you,
What lieth nearest is the thing to do.

Flag Day

I

In trailing robes, among the myriad stars
The Queen of Shadows walked with noiseless tread;
Her one attendant acolyte fierce Mars,
His torch alight with spark of living red.

II

No echoing steps betrayed her passing reign
Only heaven's lamps burned low with dimming light
The world turned on its pillow once again,
From sleep and dreams, to greet the coming light.

III

Aurora peeping through to morrow's door,
On tiptoe stood, impatient to be free;
That she might dance on mountain, hill, and moor,
And ride the waves of ocean and of sea.

IV

Into the grayness of the early dawn,
The sun his arrows shot—white, red, and gold.
Nature—her eyelids lifting to the morn—
Beheld the day in sunrise glories told.

V

Catching the crimson and the pearly white
From fleecy cloud and rosy radiant hue;
Our flag unfolded to its birthday light,
And meteor stars fell on its field of blue.

VI

To-day its birth we celebrate and keep,
And where its colors wave on land or sea,
By strong salt wind and heath of flowers sweet
We waft the message of our loyalty.

The Patriots' Flower

I

Throughout every clime there are gardens most fair
Glowing with hues the bright rainbows wear,
Whose flowers of purple, of crimson, and blue
(With a chalice of gold for holding the dew)
Caught their heavenly colors, at close of the day,
When sunset's bright glories show Paradise Way.

II

At the fall of the leaf, with bright Summer's "good
by,"
The flowers of these gardens fade, wither, and die;
Then the big droning bee knows the blossoms are gone,
No more for sweet honey he seeks them at morn;
The fire-fly's lamp lights the place where they lie,
And the katydid's song is their last lullaby.

III

But there is a garden whose borders are pressed
By the white-crested waves of two oceans' unrest;
Where tall mountains rise, capped with purest of snow,
High above the lost clouds in the valleys below;
Where bread for the millions in golden grains stand,
Waving eager consent to the gathering hand;
Where rivers in musical rhythm do flow,
And Liberty's breath wafts the breezes that blow.

IV

It sighs 'midst the needles of sweet spicy pine,
And beats 'gainst the poplars in soldier-like line.
The Oak and the Elm, with branches wide spread,
Wave a deep salutation, as over their heads
It passes to touch with tenderest care
The sensitive Aspen found quivering there.
The Maple doth blush at its Autumn caress,
Every leaf in a rustle of crimson protest.

V

Oh! wonderful garden, where nature is seen
"In brightest of crystal and purest of green,"
I've found 'midst thy blossoms a theme for my song,
'Tis the "Patriots' Flower," and to "Daughters"
belongs.
In the North and the South, in the East and the West,
They're searching to find thee, thou sweetest and
best,
Whose fragrance and beauty bursts forth from the
seeds,
Of their ancestors' courage and heroic deeds.

VI

No heat of the summer, no frost, nor the cold,
The years of the Past nor the Future's untold,
Shall wither thy beauty, or fade the soft hue
Of thy velvety cheek, tinged with heaven's own blue,
A deathless "For-get-me-not," blooming to show
Where the garden's defenders lie sleeping below,
Until the day dawns, and earth's shadows all flee,
And the good and the brave are at home, Lord, with
thee.

A Salutation to the Flag

Hail, happy morning, bright and fair,
With Spring's sweet fragrance on the air,
 From blossoming trees and flowers,
The grass is growing fresh and green
O'er all the land its touch is seen,
 'Twill soon be summer's hours.
Above our heads, the empty nests
Again are filled with feathered breasts
 And brooding mother bird
The cricket chirrups his homely lay
And in the sedge—by roadside way—
 The croaking frog is heard.
Oh! wondrous day of leafy June
Our loyal hearts beat in attune,
 To nature and to thee.
Against the blue in upper air
The stars and stripes float everywhere,
 The emblem of the free.
Where the first fresh of early dawn
Heralds the coming of the morn
 Along New England's main,
To the fair land, where sun's last rays
Lingering doth yield the passing days
 To dark night's somber reign.

Flyeth the flag—by breeze caressed,
In colors of the sunset dressed,
 And lighted by the stars.
And on the ocean deep and vast,
Guarding the ship at mizzenmast,
 It floats above the tars.
Upon the land, upon the sea,
Wave, Emblem of our Liberty,
 And for all souls oppressed,
A beacon glow with steady light
To point the way where right is might.
 America—most blessed.
God and our country, then to thee,
Flag of the brave our fealty!
 Until our hearts are stilled,
And we like tired children rest
With folded hands on quiet breast,
 Our earthly mission filled.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 378 363 4

